SERIAL STORY

THE HOUSE OF A THOUSAND CANDLES

By MEREDITH NICHOLSON

Author of "THE MAIN CHANCE," "ZELDA DAMERON," Etc.

Copyright 1905 by Bobbs-Merrill Co.

CHAPTER IX.—Continued.

I had worked myself into a great passion and fairly roared my challenge, pounding the table in my rage.

"Yes, sir; I quite understand you, sir. But I'm afraid, sir—"

"Of course you're afraid!" I shouted, enraged anew by his halting speech. "You have every reason in the world to be afraid. You've probably heard that I'm a bad lot and a worthless adventurer; but you can tell Sister Theresa or Pickering or anybody you please that I'm ten times as bad as I've ever been painted. Now clear out of here!"

I knocked about the library all morning without easing my spirit, and after luncheon I went off for a tramp. Winter had indeed come and possessed the earth, and it had given me a new landscape. The snow continued to fall in great, heavy flakes, and the ground was whitening fast.

A rabbit's track caught my eye and I followed it, hardly conscious that I did so. Then the clear print of two small shoes mingled with the rabbit's trail. A few moments later I picked up an overshoe, probably lost in the chase by one of Sister Theresa's girls, I reflected. I remembered that while at Tech I had collected a diversity of memorabilia from school girl acquaintances, and here I was beginning a new series with a string of beads and an overshoe!

A rabbit is always an attractive quarry. Few things besides riches are so elusive, and the little fellows have, I am sure, a shrewd humor peculiar to themselves. I rather envied the school girl who had ventured forth for a walk in the first snow storm of the season, and recalled Aldrich's turn on Gautier's lines as I followed the double trail:

"Howe'er you tread, a tiny mould
Betrays that light foot all the same;
Upon this glistening, snowy fold
At every step it signs your name."

A pretty autograph, indeed! The snow fell steadily and I tramped on over the joint signature of the girl and the rabbit. Near the lake they parted company, the rabbit leading off at a tangent, on a line parallel with the lake, while his pursuer's steps pointed toward the boat house.

There was, so far as I knew, only one student of adventurous blood at St. Agatha's, and I was not in the least surprised to see, on the little sheltered balcony of the boat house, the red tam-o'-shanter. She wore, too, the covert coat I remembered from the day I saw her first from the wall. Her back was toward me as I drew near; her hands were thrust into her pockets. She was evidently enjoying the soft mingling of the snow with the still, blue waters of the lake; and a girl and a snow storm are, if you ask my opinion, a pretty combination. The fact of a girl's facing a winter storm argues mightily in her favor,—testifies, if you will allow me, to a serene and dauntless spirit for one thing, and a sound constitution for another.

I ran up the steps, my cap in one hand, her overshoe in the other. She drew back a trifle, just enough to bring my conscience to its knees.

"I didn't mean to listen that day. I just happened to be on the wall, and it was a thoroughly underbred trick—my twitting you about it—and I should have told you before if I'd known how to see you—"

"May I trouble you for that shoe?" she said with tremendous dignity.

They taught that cold disdain of man, I suppose, as a required study at St. Agatha's.

"Oh, certainly! Won't you allow me?"

"Thank you, no!"

She took the damp bit of rubber—a wet overshoe, even if small and hallowed by associations, isn't pretty—as Venus might have received a soft-shell crab from the hand of a fresh young merman. I was between her and the steps to which her eyes turned longingly.

"Of course, if you won't accept my apology I can't do anything about it; but I hope you understand that I'm sincere and humble, and anxious to be forgiven."

"You seem to be making a good deal of a small matter—"

"I wasn't referring to the overshoe!" I said.

She did not relent.

"If you'll only go away—"

She rested one hand against the corner of the boat house, while she affixed the overshoe to her foot. She wore, I noticed, brown gloves with cuffs.

"How can I go away! You children are always leaving things about for me to pick up. I'm perfectly worn out carrying some girl's beads about with me; and I spoiled a good glove on your overshoe."

"I'll relieve you of the beads, if you please."

She thrust her hands into the pockets of her coat and shook the tam-o'-shanter slightly, to establish it in a more comfortable spot on her head. The beads had been in my corduroy coat since I found them. I drew them out and gave them to her.

"Thank you; thank you very much."

"Of course they are yours, Miss—"

She thrust them into her pocket.

"Of course they're mine," she said indignantly, and turned to go.

"We'll waive proof of property and that sort of thing. I'm sorry not to establish a more neighborly feeling with St. Agatha's. The stone wall may seem formidable, but it's not of my building. I must open the gate. That wall's a trifle steep for climbing."

I was amusing myself with the idea that my identity was a dark mystery to her. I had read English novels in which the young lord of the manor is always mistaken for the game-keeper's son by the pretty daughter of the curate who has come home from school to be the belles of the county. But my lady of the red tam-o'-shanter was not a creature of illusions.

"It serves a very good purpose—the wall, I mean—Mr. Glenarm."

She was walking down the steps and I followed, pleased to hear my name from her lips. I am not a man to suffer a lost school girl to cross my lands unattended in a snow storm; and the piazza of a boat house is not, I submit, a pleasant loafing place on a winter day. She marched before me, her hands in her pockets—I liked her particularly that way—with an easy swing and a light and certain step. Her remark about the wall did not encourage further conversation and I fell back upon the poets.

"Stone walls do not a prison make,
Nor iron bars a cage,"

I quoted.

"I have heard that—before!" she said, half turned her face and laughed as she hastened on.

Her brilliant cheeks were a delight

Her Brilliant Cheeks Were a Delight to the Eye.

to the eye. The snow swirled about her, whitening the crown of her red cap and clung to her shoulders. Have you ever seen snow crystals gleam, break, dissolve in fair, soft storm-blown hay? Do you know how a man will pledge his soul that a particular flake will never fade, never cease to rest upon a certain flying strand over a girlish temple? And he loses—his heart and wager—in a breath! If you fail to understand these things, and are furthermore unfamiliar with the fact that the color in the cheeks of a girl who walks abroad in a driving snow storm marks the favor of heaven itself, then I waste time, and you will do well to rap at the door of another inn.

"I'd rather missed you," I said; "and really, I should have been over to apologize if I hadn't been afraid."

"Sister Theresa is rather fierce," she declared. "And we're not allowed to receive gentlemen callers—it says so in the catalogue."

"So I imagined. I trust Sister Theresa is improving."

"Yes, thank you."

"And Miss Devereux—she is quite well, I hope."

She turned her head my way as though to listen more carefully, and her step slackened for a moment; then she hurried blithely forward.

"Oh, she's always well, I believe."

"You know her, of course."

"Rather! She teaches music."

"So Miss Devereux is the music teacher, is she? Should you call her a popular teacher?"

"The girls call her"—she seemed moved to mirth by the recollection—"Miss Prim and Prosy."

"Ugh!" I exclaimed sympathetically. "Tall and hungry looking, with long talons that pound the keys with grim delight. I know the sort."

"She's a sight!"—and my guide laughed approvingly. "But we have to take her; she's part of the treatment."

"You speak of St. Agatha's as though it were a sanatorium."

"Oh, it's not so bad; there are worse."

We approached the gate. Her indifference to the storm delighted me. Here, I thought in my admiration, is a real product of the Western owrld. I felt that we had made strides toward such a comradeship as it is proper should exist between a school girl in her teens and a male neighbor of 27. I was—going back to English fiction—the young squire walking home with the curate's pretty young daughter and conversing with fine condescension.

"We girls all wish we could come over and help hunt the lost treasure. It must be simply splendid to live in a house where there's a mystery—secret passages and chests of doubloons and all that sort of thing! My! Squire Glenarm, I suppose you spend all your nights exploring secret passages?"

This free expression of opinion startled me, though she seemed wholly innocent of impertinence.

"Who says there's any secret about the house?" I demanded.

"Oh, Ferguson, the gardener, and all the girls!"

"I fear Ferguson is drawing on his imagination."

"Well, all the people in the village think so. I've heard the candy shop woman speak of it often."

"She'd better attend to her taffy," I retorted.

"Oh, you musn't be sensitive about it! All us girls think it ever so romantic, and we call you sometimes the lord of the realm, and when we see you walking through the darkling wood at evenfall we say, 'My lord is brooding upon the treasure chests.'"

This, delivered in the stilted tone of one who was half quoting and half improvising, was irresistibly funny, and I laughed with good will.

"I hope you've forgiven me—" I kicked the gate to knock off the snow, and took the key from my pocket.

"But I haven't, Mr. Glenarm. Your assumption is, to say the least, unwarranted—I got that from a book!"

"It isn't fair for you to know my name and for me not to know yours," I said leadingly.

"You are Mr. John Glanarm—the gardener told me—and I am just Olivia. They don't allow me to be called Miss yet. I'm very young, sir!"

"You've only told me half"—and I kept my hand on the closed gate. The snow still fell steadily and the short afternoon was nearing its close. I did not like to lose her—the life, the youth, the mirth for which she stood. Lights already gleamed in the school buildings straight before us, and the sight of them smote me with loneliness.

"Olivia Gladys Armstrong," she said, laughing, brushed past me through the gate and ran lightly over the snow toward St. Agatha's.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Sorrows of a Humorist.

"This thing of being a humorist is about the saddest thing I know," sighed Simeon Ford. "An ordinary person can have his moods and humors as he pleases, but I must always be on the job. I am constantly being invited out, not because I'm liked for myself alone or because of my manly beauty, but because I am expected to entertain the assemblage. The rest of the company may be as dull as dishwater, but if I do not shake up the gathering with a few jokes the hostess glares at me and really feels resentful. I may be sunk in the slough of despond, but just as soon as I take my seat all lean forward and eye me expectantly.

"My son, never get a reputation for being funny. It is the most mournful thing on earth."

Practical.

"What did she say when she heard he was dead in love with her?"

"She wanted to know if he carried any life insurance."

REASON FOR WOMEN'S "NERVES"

In Very Many Cases It Is Weakened Kidneys.

Mrs. Frank Roseboom, 512 S. Washington St., Moscow, Idaho, says: "Inherited kidney trouble grew steadily worse with me until so nervous I could not sleep at night. I was dizzy and spots floated before my eyes. My back and hips ached and every cold settled on my kidneys and made me worse. I have used many different medicines and was discouraged when I began with Doan's Kidney Pills, but now the symptoms that alarmed me are gone."

Sold by all dealers, 50 cents a box. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

OF SUCH STUFF ARE DREAMS.

Little Virginia Imagined She Had "Eated Herself."

Little Virginia, three years old, brought her mother to her nursery a few nights ago with heartbroken wails.

"What is the matter, dearie? Why are you screaming so?"

"Mamma, am I all here?"

"Certainly you are all here, right in your bed."

"But, mamma, feel of me, see if I'm all here. Are my feet here and the top of my head, both?"

"Certainly, Virginia, every bit of you is here, tucked in your little trundle bed. Why do you think you are not?"

"I dreamed"—this with another great sob—"I dreamed I was a chocolate stick and I had eated myself."

SYMPATHY.

He—Yaas! Several years ago I fell in love with a girl, but she rejected me—made a regular fool of me, in fact.

She—How sad! And you've never got over it.

Universal Language.

He spoke his love in German—she answered not a word. In French he tried to woo her—the maiden never heard. He tried his luck in English, in Irish—all in vain; in Greek, Turkish and Latin, and in the tongue of Spain. And then an inspiration came to the anguished youth. "The universal language," he cried, "I'll try, forsooth!" He kissed the demure maiden and pressed her to his breast; she understood that language, and—well, you know the rest.

Was an Attendant.

As the new minister was on his way to evening service in the village he met a young man whom he was anxious to have become an active member of the congregation.

"Good evening, my young friend," he said, solemnly. "Do you ever attend a place of worship?"

"Yes, indeed, sir; regularly every Sunday night," replied the young man, with a smile. "I'm on my way to see her now."

The Starfish Analyzed.

The starfish, one of the lowest forms of life, has on its back about 25,000 jaws or hands arranged in rings and bands. By the aid of these it captures many animals for food, even quick, active fish of considerable size. Prof. Jennings of Johns Hopkins has photographed the starfish at dinner, and has discovered that even this low form of animal life has "habits."

RAILROAD MAN

Didn't Like Being Starved.

A man running on a railroad has to be in good condition all the time or he is liable to do harm to himself and others.

A clear head is necessary to run a locomotive or conduct a train. Even a railroad man's appetite and digestion are matters of importance, as the clear brain and steady hand result from the healthy appetite followed by the proper digestion of food.

"For the past five years," writes a railroader, "I have been constantly troubled with indigestion. Every doctor I consulted seemed to want to starve me to death. First I was dieted on warm water and toast until I was almost starved; then, when they would let me eat, the indigestion would be right back again.

"Only temporary relief came from remedies, and I tried about all of them I saw advertised. About three months ago a friend advised me to try Grape-Nuts food. The very first day I noticed that my appetite was satisfied, which had not been the case before, that I can remember.

"In a week, I believe, I had more energy than ever before in my life. I have gained seven pounds and have not had a touch of indigestion since I have been eating Grape-Nuts. When my wife saw how much good this food was doing me she thought she would try it awhile. We believe the discoverer of Grape-Nuts found the 'Perfect Food.'"

Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Read "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs. "There's a Reason."

BLAMED ON THE RAILROAD.

First Thought in Irishman's Mind After the Accident.

Railroad claim-agents have little faith in their fellow creatures. One said recently: "Every time I settle a claim with one of these hard-headed rural residents who wants the railroad to pay twice what he would charge the butcher if he gets a sheep killed, I think of this story, illustrative of the way some people want to hold the railroad responsible for every accident, of whatever kind, that happens. Two Irishmen were driving home from town one night when their buggy ran into a ditch, overturned, and they were both stunned. When a rescuer came along and revived them, the first thing one of them said was: 'Where's the train?' 'Why, there's no train around,' he was told. 'Then where's the railroad?' 'The nearest railroad is three miles away,' he learned. 'Well, well,' he commented. 'I knew it hit us pretty hard, but I didn't suppose it knocked us three miles from the track.'"

THE TIFF.

She—But before you married me you said you were well off.

He—So I was, but I didn't know it.

A Warm Allusion.

"Do you see that man across the street?"

"Yes; who is he?"

"The greatest fellow for giving you hot air you ever came across."

"Oh, a bluffer."

"Not at all. He is at the head of a big heating company."

A Sore Puzzle.

"How did that secret ever get out?"

"I can't imagine. She only told about a dozen of her acquaintances in strict confidence."

Many Professional Men,

clergymen, teachers and singers use Brown's Bronchial Troches for curing hoarseness and coughs.

We are not in this world to do what we wish, but to be willing to do that which it is our duty to do.—Gounod.

PILES CURED IN 6 TO 14 DAYS.

PAZO OINTMENT is guaranteed to cure any case of Itching, Blind, Bleeding or Protruding Piles in 6 to 14 days or money refunded. 50c.

An ounce of help is better than a ton of hot air on the subject.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup.

For children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25c a bottle.

Calamity is man's true touchstone.—Beaumont.

NATURE AND A WOMAN'S WORK

LYDIA E. PINKHAM

Nature and a woman's work combined have produced the grandest remedy for woman's ills that the world has ever known.

In the good old-fashioned days of our grandmothers they relied upon the roots and herbs of the field to cure disease and mitigate suffering.

The Indians on our Western Plains to-day can produce roots and herbs for every ailment, and cure diseases that baffle the most skilled physicians who have spent years in the study of drugs.

From the roots and herbs of the field Lydia E. Pinkham more than thirty years ago gave to the women of the world a remedy for their peculiar ills, more potent and efficacious than any combination of drugs.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is now recognized as the standard remedy for woman's ills.

Mrs. Bertha Muff, of 515 N.C. St., Louisiana, Mo., writes:

"Complete restoration to health means so much to me that for the sake of other suffering women I am willing to make my troubles public.

"For twelve years I had been suffering with the worst forms of female ills. During that time I had eleven different physicians without help. No tongue can tell what I suffered, and at times I could hardly walk. About two years ago I wrote Mrs. Pinkham for advice. I followed it, and can truly say that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and Mrs. Pinkham's advice restored health and strength. It is worth mountains of gold to suffering women."

What Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound did for Mrs. Muff, it will do for other suffering women.

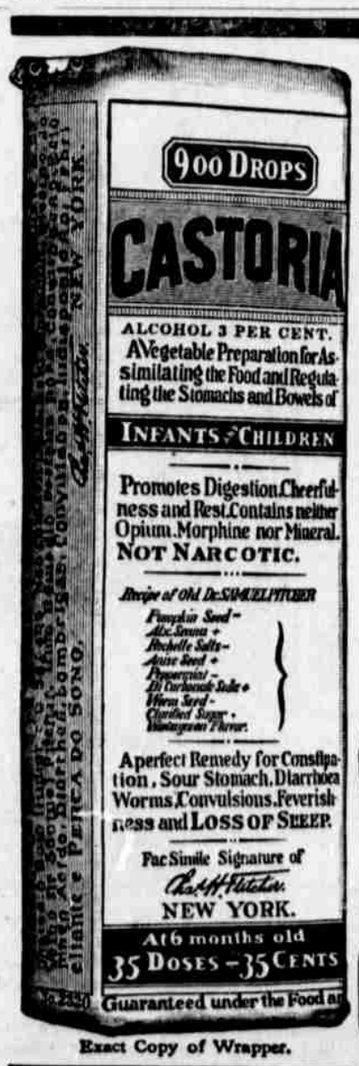
SPOT CASH

FOR SOLDIERS AND HEIRS

All federal soldiers and sailors who served 90 days between 1861 and 1900 and who homesteaded less than 160 acres before June 23, 1874, are entitled to additional homestead rights which I buy. If soldier is dead, his heirs can sell. Talk to old soldiers, widows and heirs. Find some soldier relative who went West or South after the war and homesteaded government land. Get busy and make some easy money. Write HENRY N. COPP, Washington, D. C., for further particulars.

LIVE STOCK AND MISCELLANEOUS ELECTROTYPES

In great variety for sale at the lowest prices by A. N. KELLOGG NEWSPAPER CO., 73 W. Adams St., Chicago



Exact Copy of Wrapper.

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher

In Use For Over Thirty Years

CASTORIA

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY.

W. L. DOUGLAS SHOES

$3.00 SHOES AT ALL PRICES, FOR EVERY MEMBER OF THE FAMILY, MEN, BOYS, WOMEN, MISSES AND CHILDREN. $3.50

W. L. Douglas makes and sells more men's $2.50, $3.00 and $3.50 shoes than any other manufacturer in the world, because they hold their shape, fit better, wear longer, and are of greater value than any other shoes in the world to-day.

W. L. Douglas $4 and $5 Gilt Edge Shoes Cannot Be Equalled At Any Price

CAUTION. W. L. Douglas name and price is stamped on bottom. Take No Substitute. Sold by the best shoe dealers everywhere. Shoes mailed from factory to any part of the world. Illustrated Catalog free to any address. W. L. DOUGLAS, Brockton, Mass.

Fast Color Eyelets Used Exclusively.